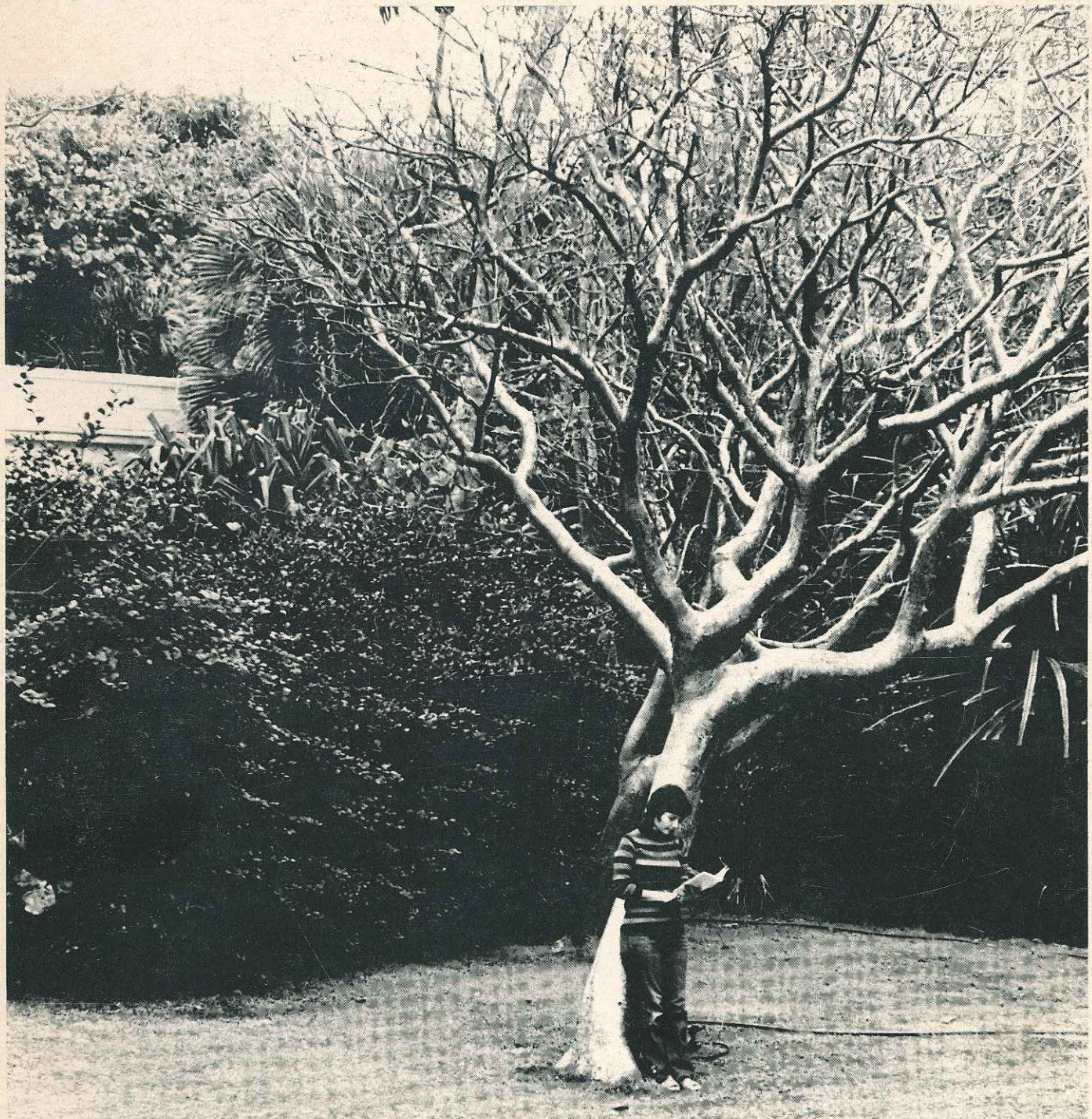

MEDIA 73

MEDIA: The Literary Magazine of Palm Beach Junior College, Lake Worth, Florida 33460

Volume XVII April 1973

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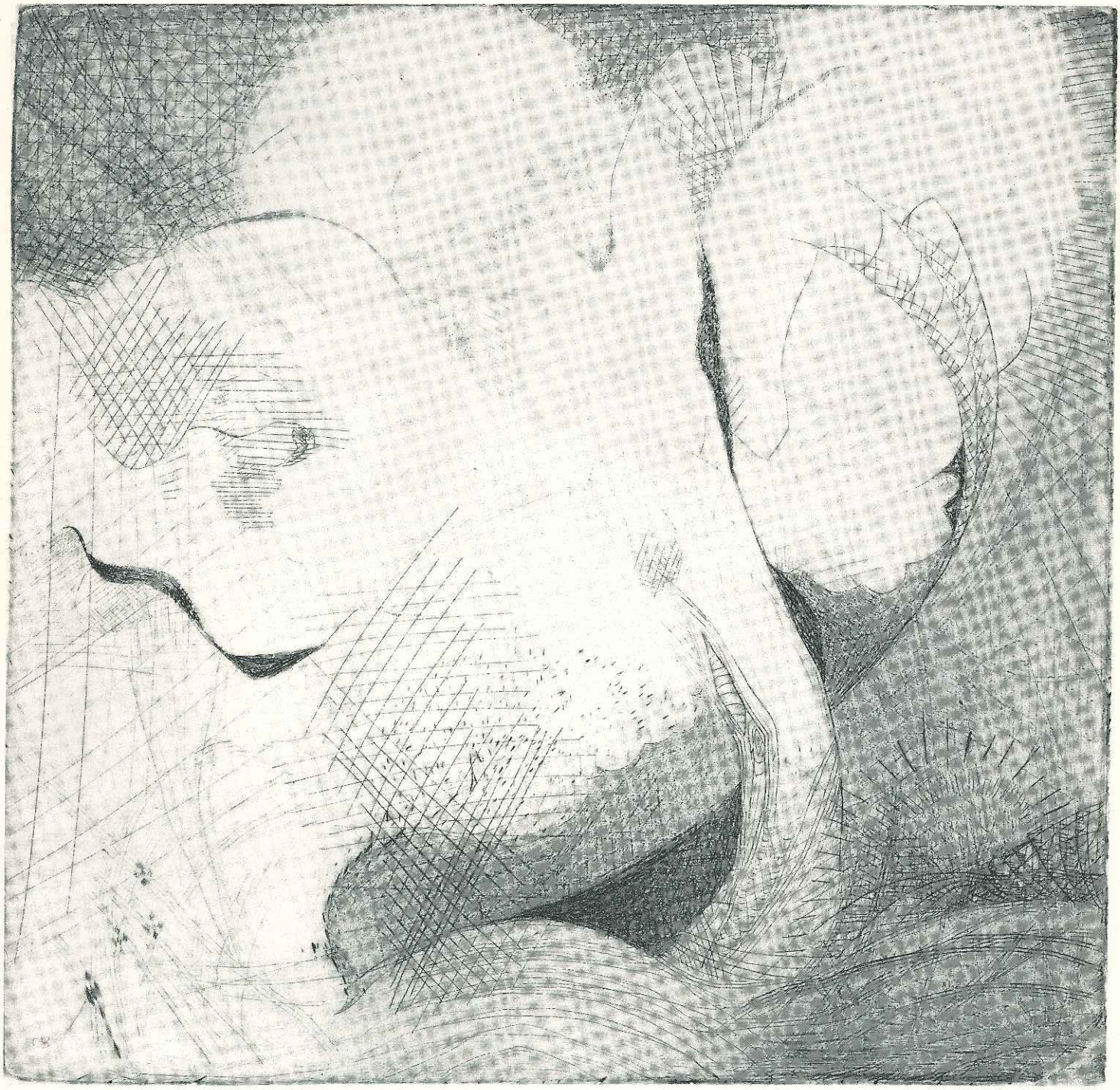
FOREWORD

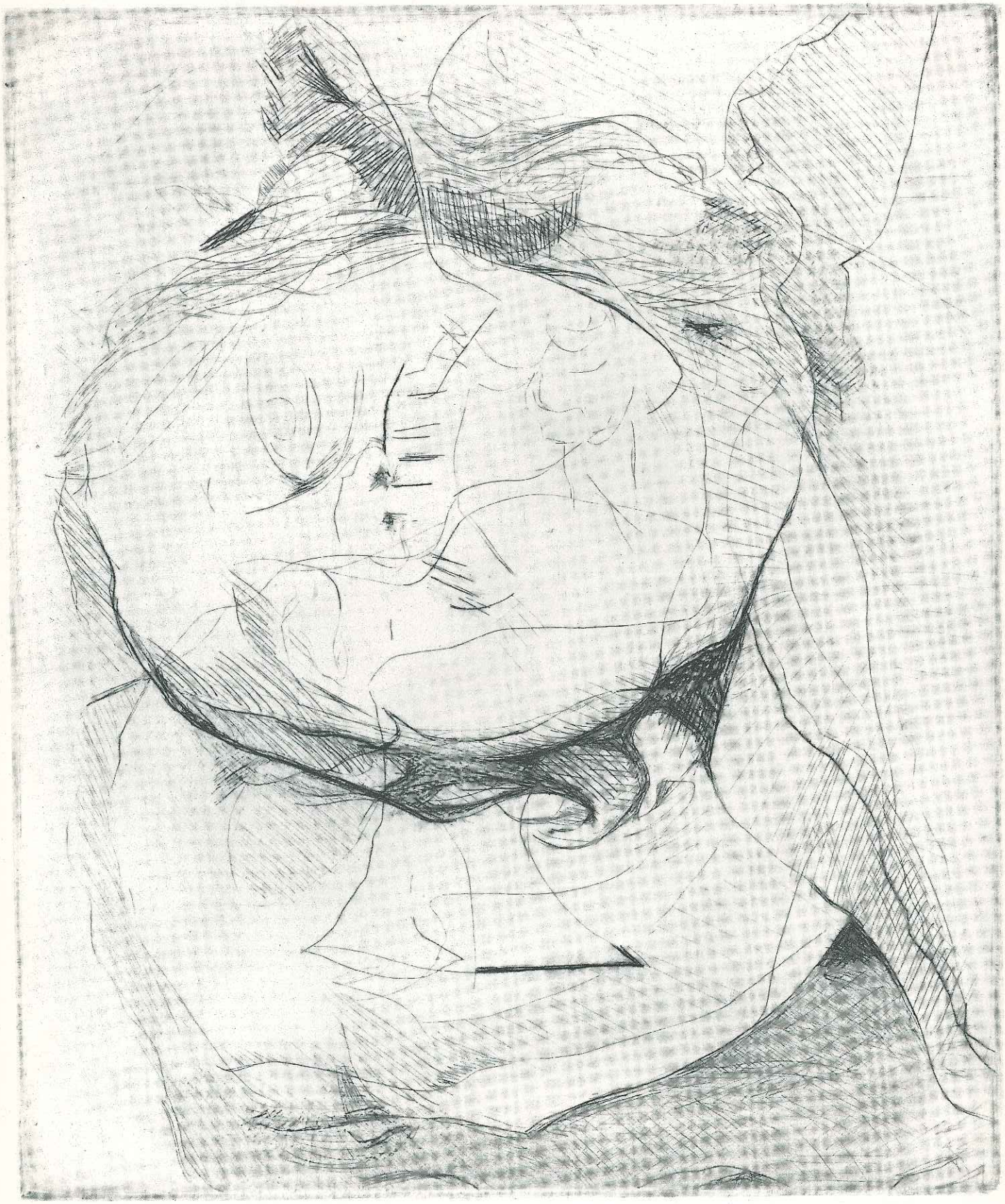
MEDIA *is one of the opportunities offered by Palm Beach Junior College for the creative development of its students. A literary magazine, it continually searches for new talent, and it takes pride in presenting as many samples as possible of this talent.*

Contributions to MEDIA *are judged solely by a student editorial board. The board is selected from students interested in writing, volunteers who give their time because they like to work with writers and writing. Each contribution is given a number when it is received in the editorial office, and all material is read and judged by this number. The majority of contributions receive a minimum of two readings; most are read three times. Final selection of material is done by vote.*

Many worthwhile contributions have been rejected this year because of space limitations. The board respectfully thanks all contributors for their submissions and requests that they try again another year.



Kathy Abernathy



Joseph Wade

My body's bent —
yes,
bent and twisted!
deformed
by
that endless stream
of
banal
hours —
hours that create
the
years
how they torment
not only
the
senses
but
the
heart
as
well.
hours droning
on
and
on
contort
and
disfigure
the man
inside
this
futile
human
being.

But,
I am a peasant!
I do not despise
my
"position of ignomy"
I do not detest
the
sun
that
scars
me
nor loathe
sweet
mother
earth
who
gnaws
upon
my
hands
for
nature is not so demanding
that
she
gives not
in
return
I have strength
I have identity

Who
then
Deprives me
of
my
dignity?

Do you see? —
then look keenly
Do you hear? —
then listen sharply
for
I am not an elusive
abstract
idea
created
from
some
cryptic dream
I have flesh
I have form
I exist
I am man!

Linda E. Woodrich

ELEGY

I

We shall overcome ———
ignorance, poverty,
racism, hatred,
violence?

to say it, is noble
to attempt it, is heroic
to die for it, is ....

II

Congress shall
make no law abridging the freedom of speech; or the
right of the people to assemble.

No person shall
be deprived of life, liberty or property, without
due process of law.*

III

Kent State	4	Guard	11
Orangeburg State	3		
Jackson State	2		
Southern University	2	Students	0

*U.S. Constitution, circa 1787

IV

Oh say can you see
a nation so free
that doles out with bullets
it's sweet liberty!

V

I would love,
if I was given the chance
I would change the world,
if I was given the chance

to cry,
is not enough
to die,
is too much but
I will try
to make my own
chance

for I would be a man
even though
I have been told

that
to be black
or
wear long hair
or
be dissentious
is unmanly

but if I try
and doing so, die
what will I change?

VI

the fog
covers the ornamented lawns
in the early morning,
shrouds
the markers
of stone
imbedded
in the silent earth

like the dead
the truth
is hidden
in a dense fog
some would welcome the overcast day
or
wander and lose their way

yet there are some . . .

but if all that
lies behind the fog
are ornamented lawns . . .

Jim Easterday

THE FADED LEAF

You know friend
I thought you were a pretty heavy tree
Strong enough to tell the truth
Through even the darkest night.
But I thought many a thing
At the wrong time
Until the right moment comes
And reveals the scope of it all.
And through the vine
I need not walk
One more step
Or look one more time
Through false lensed dimensions
In which leaves of your trees
Look green
But are really not healthy
At all.
Instead death has taken you over.
And I need not try to fly with you
Any higher
or deeper.
I need not drop to the ground
And fade away
Just because fall is contagious.
And I need not continue my role
Of spreading seeds to liven spirits
In even dead trees.
I won't do it friend.
For there is no purpose to
Yet every purpose to avoid
Those sadistic branches
That would try in every way
To entangle your body
Then twist hard to unscrew
Your soul.
I won't do it friend
Or rather
My soul has warned
Many a time
It will not stand evil
In common display!
And God stands straight
Through even the dark nights
And roughest storm
That hastles to unscrew
Natural doings.
I will not take that my friend
Not even from you!

Debbie Franklin

HOLES

big holes
little holes,
manholes,
loopholes.
keyholes,
knotholes,
holes for keeping,
holes for peeping.
holes in ceilings,
holes in doors,
even holes in
old apple cores.
holes come high,
holes come low.
I once had one
in my cereal bowl.
some holes droop,
some holes sag,
especially those
in a paper bag.
you've got burnt ones,
snipped ones,
torn ones,
ripped ones.
buttonholes,
gopher holes,
swimming holes,
doughnut holes.
yes, even holes
in your nose.
who knows? maybe
a hole that grows.
I've seen holes in pipes,
holes in dikes,
even holes that
nobody likes.
yes sir, you've got
holes in
pockets, those
in boxes.
but most
embarrassing,
are holes in
crotches.

Larry Robinson

THE MYSTERY OF YOU

Why is it
That what I once knew
And then forgot
Always comes back
In your presence?

How can it be
After so many years
Of doing things for myself
Mechanically
The things I do for you now
Are conscious and thoughtful
So strangely sincere?

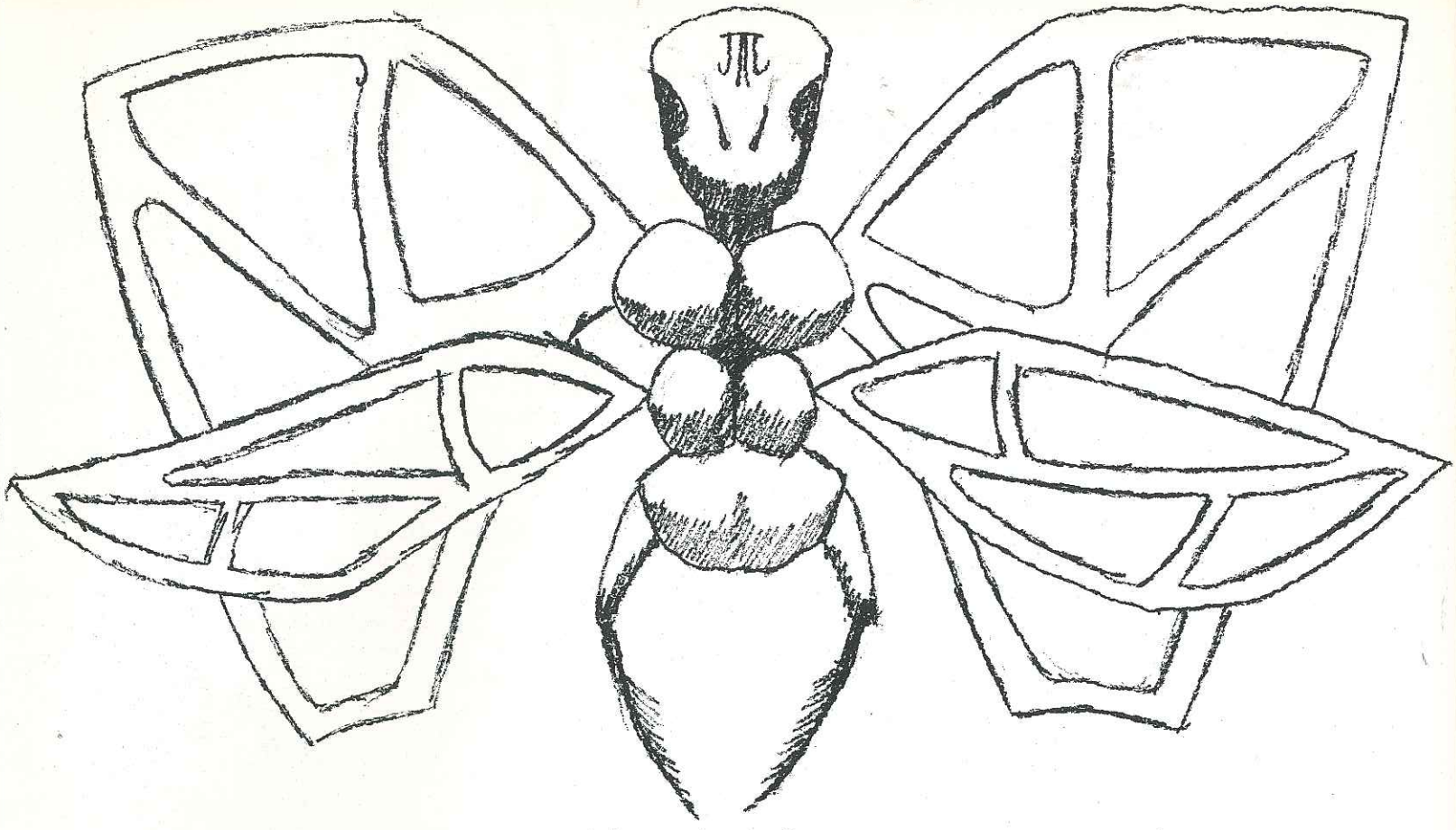
And isn't it strange
How we've grown
And come to
Read between the lines
Of expression
That we know when we look
Into each other's eyes
The words without saying
The memories in shadow
The intuitive response –
A smile for a tear
And a tear for a smile?

How different
This existence of ours
In time and in space
Each retaining his own first person
Yet when one of us speaks
The other listens
And the words that follow
Say it all for us both.

And isn't it a wonder
That when we're apart
And seasons come and go
We can withstand even the death
And breadth of coldest winter
And walk through barren miles
Of frost and snow
While the "thought of you"
Keeps us warm?

But answer me why
Though we met in time as strangers
Must we leave this earth the same?

Bruce M. Beck



FEBRUARY 16, 1972

The fire burns again.
There must have been yet another spark
Missed by the flood
of tears
That was ours.
And, will it rage on as before?
Who's to say?
Besides our words
There are but
A few caresses.

Pet

FEBRUARY 22, 1972
(a reply)

Life goes by in chapters,
Each day is no more than
Another page
turned
By the Wind of Destiny.
And so, although another day
Whispered encouragement
To the spark
that was left,
It smouldered,
And died.

Pet

Caught up in the world
People rush by
Hurrying to partake
Of this thing called life.
9 to 5 jobs
dinner at 6
a good movie on tonight
Serenely
I watch these cratures
Trapped in a zoo of living,
Realizing
Peace of mind
Comes only from within
And life
Begins only
When we have learned
How to live.

Barbara Throckmorton

BETTER FRIENDS THAN LOVERS

don't speak to me of love and life
you fresh dew on the morn
for in those things my knowledge suffers
I think we're better friends than lovers

please try not to smile too coyly
with experience beyond your years
since very near my bewilderment hovers
I think we're better friends than lovers

my spirit now needs to be free
from filling insecurity
though you see so many others
I think we're better friends than lovers

For what is friendship but pure love
without a one-and-only grasp
when the heart should be free to flutter
I think we're better friends than lovers

also comes the hurt of love
when people change – they must
you'll see when it's finally over
that we were better friends than lovers

now I hope you'll understand
a little more of me
so on with the lights and down with the covers
I think we're better friends than lovers

Jim Linn

freedom #2

Late at night
strange beautiful music comes from behind
  Katrina's vine covered walls
    and it glows with radiance
her voice is mystically magic
  softly sweet and high
sometimes
  on saturday nights
her friends gather in her living room.
    and live.
drinking spanish wines and eating cheeses
  talking politics
but Katrina just smiles
    and fills their glasses.
her movements are her words
beautifully
  she gathers all the love within the room
    and puts it in a pile
in the middle of the floor
    and everyone shares the love –
Katrina always does . . . Katrina always does.

Sarah George

THE APARTMENT

Characters
Girl
Landlady
Woman
Sheila
Mrs. Benson
Old Man

Scene: Shabby, cheap, rundown, one-room apartment

(Landlady enters, followed by girl carrying a few pieces of luggage)

Landlady: This is it. I decorated this room myself. My-sister-made-that-rug.

Girl: It's very . . . nice. I'm sure it will be fine.

Landlady: You're a secretary, are you? When do they pay you?

Girl: Mr. Wickley – my employer – said every Friday.

Landlady: Well, your rent will be due the first Saturday of the month. In the morning. I'll come up and get it around ten. Course, if you should see fit to come down yourself before then, I wouldn't complain.

Girl: Yes . . . thank you.

Landlady: Now, you know the rules: no animals, no kids, no noise, and no trouble. I don't ask no questions and I expect the same of you.

Girl: Yes, of course. That seems reasonable.

Landlady: I have to go now . . . got things to do. (Exits)

Girl: Thank you. (She starts to close the door, but it is pushed open) Come in.

Woman: (Strides past girl) Excuse me, I live down the hall and I was looking for my son Benny. I thought he might have come in here. You're new here, aren't you? Where's he hiding?

Girl: (confused) I don't know. I just moved in.

Woman: He didn't tell you some wild story to set you against me, did he? It ain't true, he's a dirty little liar. (calls) Benny, you better get out here right now.

Girl: Really, I haven't seen him. You can look, if you like.

Woman: Oh. Well, if you see him you tell him I'm looking and I'm gonna find him. (Reflectively) Twenty-two he'll be on his next birthday and I have to look for him like he was ten. Listen – you don't have to tell the landlady. My Benny don't cause no trouble. He's a good boy.

Girl: I'm sure he is. (Woman exits purposefully) How can I ever finish unpacking if I can't even start . . . What am I doing here anyway?

(Knock at door)

Girl: Who is it?

Sheila: Sheila. I live across the hall. I thought I'd have my Scotch with you.

Girl: Come in. I've just been unpacking.

Sheila: I know. The walls are paper-thin. Everybody knows everything. The old girl gave you "my-sister-made-that-rug." Actually I don't believe she has a sister. She probably made it herself when she was hiding from the tenants. She only comes out to collect the rent. Do you mind if I sit? How do you like the Exterminators' Paradise?

Girl: Are there . . . bugs?

Sheila: Yes, but if you warn them that you're coming, they hide.

Girl: Oh . . . Do you mind if I unpack?

Sheila: No, go right ahead . . . I'm divorced. I was married to Harry for eight years – we never had any children – and finally I woke up and realized I was wasting my life away. So I divorced him. It wasn't hard – he was always running around with one woman or another. Didn't put up much of a fight. I get more money now from alimony than I ever got when I was married to him. It isn't much, I wouldn't be living in this rat-hole if it was, but I get along all right. I don't have anybody but me to take care of, thank God. Are you married? No, you wouldn't be. Think twice before you do, honey. It's not all it's cracked up to be. When I think of those eight years wasted on that louse. . . He wasn't always like that, though. When we first got married he was good to me, but that didn't last long. I found out – too late – about his women and his drinking . . . Oh yes, he drank, too. Not much, but enough. I guess it's good we never had kids – it wouldn't have been right for them. I tried, though. I was a decent wife to him, not that he deserved it. I kept the place nice and tried to look nice myself. They always said I had a good-looking pair of legs . . . You don't want to hear my problems, though. Listen, it's not so bad here, just keep the door locked. Ever lived alone before?

Girl: No . . . not really.

Sheila: I thought so. Say do you have any Scotch? I need a refill.

Girl: No, I'm sorry.

Sheila: Yeah, well I better be running along. If you need anything, anything at all – just call me. My room's just across the hall and I'm always home.

Girl: Yes, I'll do that. It was nice talking to you.

Sheila: Really? Thanks, kid. (Exits)

(Before she can close the door, an old man appears)

Old Man: Dorothy? That's not you is it?

Girl: I'm afraid you've made a–

Old Man: It's not Dorothy, is it? For a minute I thought it was. That's my daughter. She's always a good girl. Took care of me after my wife died. Looked a lot like you – the hair and the face. I miss her now that she's gone.

Girl: (Turns away, disturbed) I'm sorry, I–

Old Man: Looks just like you. I thought it was Dorothy at first.

Girl: I'm sorry, perhaps you can come back later, I was unpacking (pushes him out)

Old Man: All right, Dorothy. You know I never wanted to bother you.

Girl: (Closes door slowly, then sits down. She rests her head on her hands. Another tap at the door. Slowly she gets up and answers it) Yes?

Edna Benson: Hello dear, I'm Mrs. Benson, Edna Benson. They told me there was someone new and I thought I'd just come up for a visit. I live downstairs.

Girl: Yes, well, come in, sit down.

Edna Benson: What is your name, dear?

Girl: Sharon.

Edna Benson: You're so young. Why are you here, Sharon?

Sharon: I need a place to live.

Edna Benson: But why here? You look like a nice girl. You don't belong here.

Sharon: Would you like a glass of water?

Edna Benson: I don't mean to pry, but let me give you the advice of one who knows – get out of this place before it gets to you.

Sharon: Please –

Edna Benson: The people who live here – they are lonely, afraid, beaten by the world, some depraved, maybe even crazy – if you stay here you'll become like them.

Sharon: You don't understand. I belong here. My mother ran off . . . my father threw me out . . . there was . . . trouble . . . I moved away. Here, there aren't any complications or questions.

Edna Benson: You still don't belong here. I know, I have seen the ones who drink . . . and worse. The derelicts and cheap women –

Sharon: If it's so bad, why are you here?

Edna Benson: Long ago . . . I was young, like you . . . I got into trouble with a boy . . . ran away . . . and lived in places like this ever since. None of it matters any more. I'm old now – but you aren't. It doesn't have to be like this. You must get out and away.

Sharon: Yes, but I –

Edna Benson: Call your father and tell him you're sorry. What you have done is very wrong, but it has been done before.

Sharon: No, you don't understand . . . I murdered my father!

* * *

Consuelo Artola

4 MAY 72

mmm mmm
a Flood of Flavor
concealed
beneath often tattered foil
and pure milk chocolate
(with vanilla an artificial flavoring
and soya lecithin added)
under chocolate modified red cherries
(artifically colored and flavored
preserved with sodium benzoate
and sulphur dioxide)
sugar
corn syrup
citric acid
mmm mmm

Jim Linn

1970 11

Our country, once Fresh
has been raped
and the industrial biggies move on
and the government moves on
to virgin territory
The world must die a whore?

Jim Linn

the only life-beauty
that covers the earth
is nature.
why must we hide it with
steel
concrete
and anything that answers
the price of progress.
deeper,
deeper,
and deeper still
man finds harmony
and only becomes one
with nature.

Barbara Throckmorton

bobbing
weaving
jumping and sliding
snapping
fingers and bones
melodies wofting
to ears
to be kept up
with by feet
arms
hands
bodies
girls
boys
men
women
music
movement
feeling
release
dancing

Cleavan McCrae

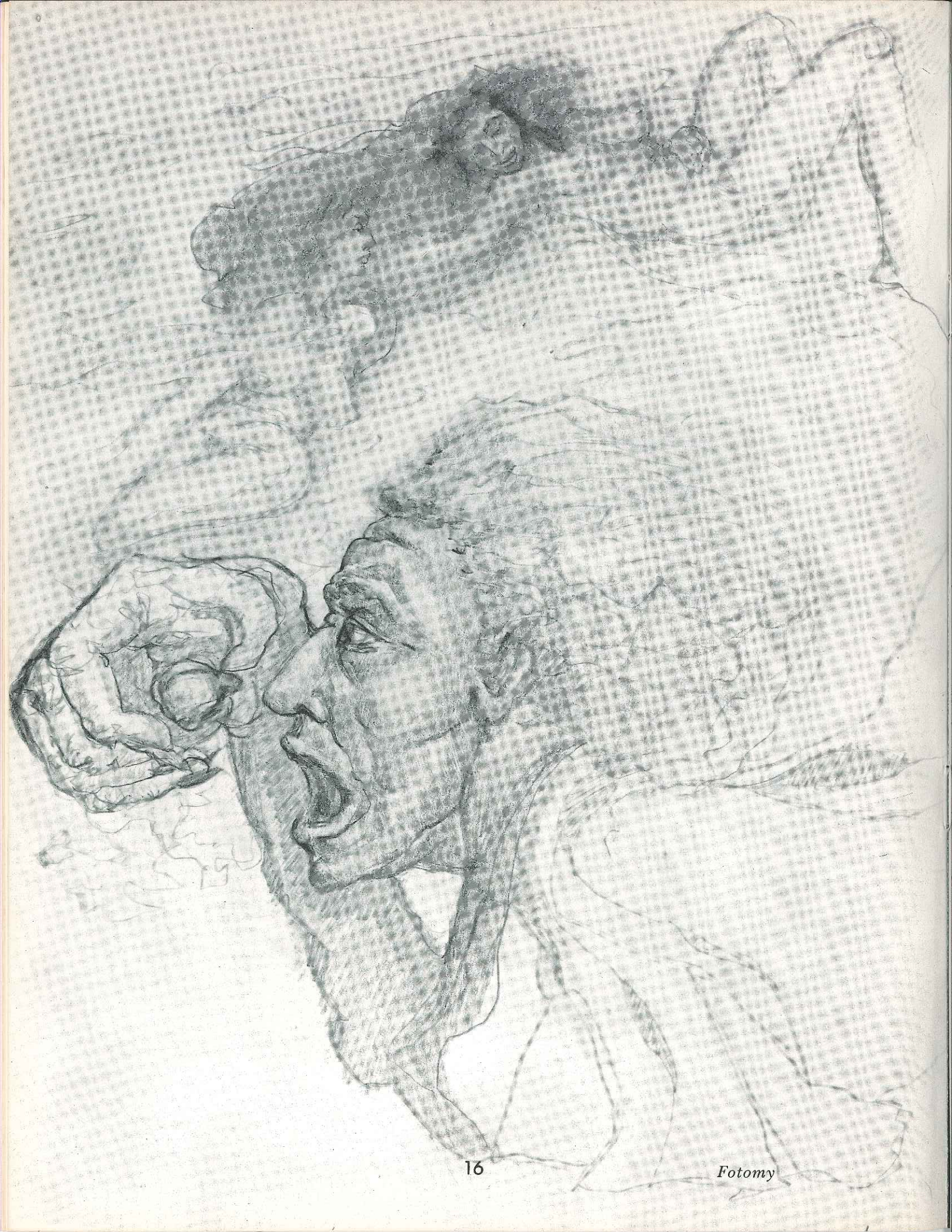
I'm tired of listening
to your boring words.
I don't care
how the weather is,
Or what kind of day
it might be.
"Let's talk of other things," I suggest.
Inwardly you shudder –
fear flashes through your eyes
And you continue your small talk.
Someday your shield will crumble.
The walls surrounding your inner self
will fall down.
All the illusions and facades
will be discarded,
And you will finally become
a REAL person.

Barbara Throckmorton

The silver worm crawls
on tracks of steel and iron
bringing me to you.

Moving in time
through time
with time
over time
jive time
old man time
old time
master of reality
time

Cleavan McCrae



EL VIEJO GUITARRISTA (Picasso)

An old man
Worn thin with age
Dressed
In tattered
Shreds of clothing
Sits cross-legged
Upon an earthen floor

With
Head
Bowed low
Guitar in hand
With eyes deep-seated
Inward looking
He ceases play
One infinite moment
To align his soul
With silence

A vital
Breath drawn deeply
His withered frame
Contracts expands
To the tidal
Ebb and flow
Of blood within
Outpourings of sound
Newly unveiled
Inverted ears reveal
The salient theme
Transcendant theme
The rhythm
Of his heart-beat

Vibrations
Enter slowly
The wooden box
Held closely to his breast
In effortless response
His nimble fingers
Motion evenly
Softly touching strings
Extending the range
Of heart-rendered tone

Reflecting past
Descending scales
He now resumes
The venture
Of his youth:

Countless evenings
Spent, recalled
On Barcelona's shore
Where lovers walked
The moon-lit sands
In serenade
A wind-song

When storms blew inland
From the sea
Recounted themes
Of wind-blown rain
And scattered golden
Leaves
(momentum builds)

Hacienda nights alight
With lively song and dance
And drink
Carmen
With her castanets
Alluring men to death[1]
With flowing skirts
And cat-like grace
Blood surging
Through her limbs
She dances onward
Through her pain
At blinding
Whirl-wind pace
As heel-stomping rhythms
Fall full upon the floor
As flamenco strums intensify
The background
She crys and moans in pleasure
(for she knows the end is near)
This the long awaited climax
Of their making

(footnote 1: "where life is death and death is life")

Bruce M. Beck

I MUSHROOM

A tale of horror I describe to thee,
Of the fate of plants, this such as me.
To grow into my nature's plan,
And die by fate of human hand.
I grew so freely beneath a tree,
That grew so tall beside the sea.
And then one day a young girl came,
She tore my stalk, I cried in vain.
And in the basket of this maid,
My poor dismembered ruins were laid.
She took me home then stripped me clean,
And mixed me with a fallen bean.
And to my horror the pan grows hot,
My dying breaths are coming not.
And with these words which are my last,
"Live good your life, for time goes fast."

Antone S. Allison

Together we would solve the world (working
one mind but yet never one body)
Walks off the pier took us to the
clouds where our mind played with
the waves before they hit land.
The bellman at the cabana must have
thought us insane, laughing at who
was taller (we were both the same)
Smiles were wiggling our toes
Our peace connected and held all nature
How did one pill kill it?
(We took both the same)

Once so distant from man's chemical
destruction
Now we have been test tubes.

I saw him again last Sunday,
It's been months now.
We smiled, but it wasn't the same,
and laughed . . . I'm now the tallest.

Dani Elliot

The stars can no longer be seen
amidst the Christmas colors of airplane
traffic,
And the red, blood for freedom has
dried, leaving the flakes of brown scabs.
The blue, possible sign of once infinite
dreams has been scorched, now black
with souvenirs of hate.
Our country is at its threads, stretched
around our individual ideals of what
peace is.
Our future holds the consequence of
having to weave back the flag we
are ripping out
We must preserve the love of God . . . before
each American takes their thread
and pulls . . . leaving an invisible
remembrance of what freedom is.

Dani Elliot

The icy January winds swept the Michigan campus grounds, despite a timely intervention by the mid-day sun. The second day of 1981 had become a beautiful, if cold one.

Two students are heard conversing during a break between classes.

"Do you have a class this hour?"

"Yea, but we still have 15 minutes before it starts . . . Did you know that there were 132 people killed in that New Year's offensive yesterday?"

"I heard about it. That's the third major military build-up in as many days. If this keeps up, we may have to escalate."

"Well . . . it's a hard war when everyone looks the same and speaks the same language. You just don't know who to trust."

"Remember Vietnam . . . Now that was a good war . . . halfway around the world and nobody had to get involved."

"Hell yes . . . you didn't have to worry about who you killed."

"Right . . . well, I've got a physics test this hour, so I'll see you later."

He shouldered his rifle, climbed out of the trench, and went to class.

Jim Easterday

While waiting on you —
it bent to lift me up
with outstretched fingers
grossly entangling me in
its web of time . . .
SILENCE

Karen Thomas

I love you . . .
if you can find it in your heart to love me too,
then it is beautiful

But
if you can't,
I will still love you;
in my own way.

I will not fight for your love
and the pain of not having it,
will slowly fade.

If this is the beginning of our love;
I will rejoice,
if it is the end;
I will be sad,
but, there will come a time when I will accept it.

As I grow older, I will remember
your loving me;
and be content.

Melissa Berry

Lanterns of yesterday
And tomorrow
The sweeping wind of night
Blew me winter
In Old New England towns
Where musty bulbed lanterns
Shatter from a traditional thunder
And the fragmented stain glass faces
Pleaded with blood stain eyes
To stop the naughty night
While others sat floating
With the flakes
And laid their branches limbly across the grass
To capture the falling traces
Of winter
Like an old park benches' home
Of all weather
Standing stained
From old mens' stories
Of Baggy snowsuits
And scraps of food
Between the trash
It's wooden planks
Built up with disaster
And the frostbiten doves
Need exit from the knaw
A tweet to replace the nights' anxiety
With a sunnier shore
For even the poor city dweller
Gets little pity
And the biggering bird
Balanced astray
His legs on the point
Of Old London Church steeple
A town's reassuring landmark
Of Faith
Where all is well
And wind blows not so fiercely

Debbie Franklin

CHAPTER I DOUBT

We look to them above us
in course and ability
and afterwards
realize
our own fallibility.

Donald Putnam

28 NOV 72

I wake up
and to my surprise
I'm alone
all alone at sea

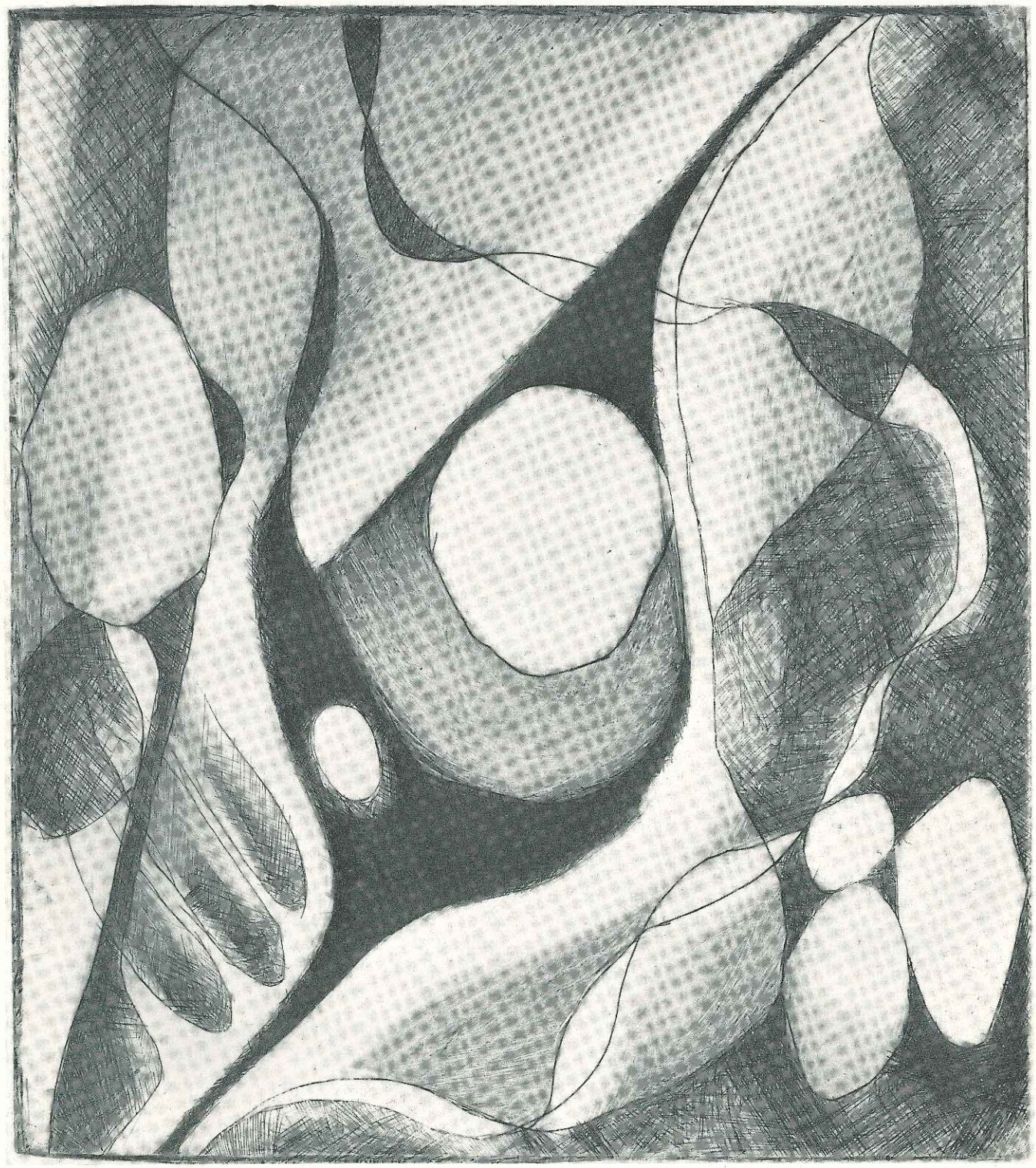
I hoist some sails
but they only hang limply
in windless air
so I pull them down
and drift

I peer through a telescope
and examine the boats around me
some surprisingly sailing straight
(for where I don't know — they pass by)
some drift by and by
and some gently bump
but I vees sharply away
and keep a close lookout ahead

I learn
everyone else has telescopes

with regret I view
another ship with no direction
and I prepare to change course
but the ugly boat follows
finally I relieved realize
it was only my reflection
on the shiny surface
of the bottomless sea

Jim Linn



Alex Chin

THE MOLTEN COFFIN

Mrs. Baxter stood quietly watching her son as he left the kitchen and walked outside. His movements were stiff, but his stiffness was all that was left as evidence of the gruesome automobile accident David had had last week. It had been a bad wreck; his car was burned to unrecognizable proportions, and yet David had escaped with only minor cuts and bruises.

As his mother stood in the doorway watching him, she allowed her mind to go back over the events of that fateful summer night once more. It had been very dark, even the brightest streetlights hadn't seemed to help, and the air was warm and dry. Everything about that night had made it the perfect setting for a minor tragedy.

David had gone to Orlando to see his girlfriend at her university dormitory. During the year she'd been at school David had regarded the world through a very dim view, but that Friday he acted happier than he'd been in months. Mrs. Baxter remembered with a smile how hard she'd tried to find things to preoccupy her 19-year-old son while his girlfriend was out of reach. She almost laughed as she also remembered how unsuccessful she'd been. Then a frown crossed her face as she once again thought of his departure that day. Her thoughts were lost completely as she relived the moments of that fear-rending telephone call.

It was early Monday morning when Mr. Baxter answered the ringing of the phone with a groggy grunt, only to awaken abruptly as the caller let loose with the details of his story. It seemed only seconds later that a policeman had appeared at the door and told them the full details of the wreck. David had been speeding and lost control of his car, and it had eventually torn through an electric fence. Luckily, the area was near a truck-stop and somebody had been brave enough to pull David from the car just before it burst into flames.

The officer had assured them that although David was unconscious, the examining doctor in the emergency room had declared David uninjured except for a few cuts and bruises. After David was safe at home, the charred remains of his car were transferred to the police garage to be kept until the Baxters decided what they wanted to try to salvage from it. In the accident report the car was described as "a blob of metal, shaped like a coffin."

Mrs. Baxter suddenly returned back to the real world of the kitchen. David had re-entered and was standing next to the table looking through the mail.

"Mom, Lisa hasn't written me in over a week." David thoughtfully placed the mail on the table and faced his mother.

"Are you sure, dear?"

"Of course I'm sure." His voice was tinged with impatience. "It's not like her not to write me – it's a little upsetting."

"I'm sure there's no need to be upset. Isn't this the week that her final exams start?" Mrs. Baxter knew her effort at consolation wasn't really good enough, but it was the best she could come up with.

"I guess you're probably right. But it still doesn't make the situation any better." He stood there picking at a loose piece of plastic on the back of the kitchen chair, seeming to tune himself away from the rest of his surroundings. He'd been this way for days now, irratible, fidgitty, absent-minded, and he slept most of the day and night away if given the chance. This was very unusual for David – he was usually even-tempered, calm, and level-headed.

After dinner, David went to his room where Mrs. Baxter later found him fast asleep. He was still sleeping peacefully late the next morning when she went in to get him up.

This morning they had to go down to the police-station to make arrangements concerning the car. Under ordinary circumstances, most cars that were burned as badly as this one was would be disposed of as scrap metal. But David's car was a very expensive sports car that had been equipped with complicated stereo systems, and other gadgets that gave it the characteristics of a Ferrari race car.

On the way to the station, David was quieter than he had been in ages, but finally he started talking to his mother in a quiet voice that she hadn't heard before.

"Mom, I had a dream last night. It was very realistic – as though it had really happened. I dreamed that Lisa and I were getting married. It was a secret – we'd been planning this for weeks. Everything started out like it did last weekend; I was driving up to see her in Orlando, and on Sunday we both got in my car and started home." His voice ceased its quiet drone.

"Well, did you finally get married?" Mrs. Baxter glanced at him and noticed he was pale and tired-looking.

"The dream never gets that far. Just as we pull out of the college driveway, everything seems to burst into flame and then its blank, and then the whole dream starts over again."

"It's just a dream. Don't take it so seriously You look like you did the morning after your accident. You don't want the officer to think things were worse than they really were, now do you?" She gave him one of her big smiles and patted him on the knee. Shortly after they arrived at their destination.

Once inside the station, it wasn't long before Mrs. Baxter was quite busy filling out and signing page after page of accident reports and security forms. Sometime after the fifth paper was signed, the officer that had handled David's case entered the small office and re-introduced himself to David, while greeting David's mother. Then, picking up some papers off the desk, he handed them to Mrs. Baxter.

"You won't believe this but we just recently received a missing persons bulletin from Orlando. It seems that a Miss Lisa Roberson has been missing for about a week and all efforts of the Orlando authorities to locate the young lady have proved unsuccessful. They think she might have been the victim of a kidnapper. All of her clothes and other personal belongings were found untouched in her room at the university."

Punctuated by murmurings from Mrs. Baxter, the officer's speech had kept them from noticing that David had quietly left the small room and disappeared. It wasn't until nearly an hour later that Mrs. Baxter and Officer Lindsay found him.

They spotted him almost as soon as they opened the door of the police garage. He was standing beside the lump of metal that was his car, with a flaming acetyline torch in one hand and the separated "lid" in the other. As they approached him, he put the torch out and set it, along with the detached portion of metal, on the ground. Just as they stood beside him, David reached down into the car and lifted something out in the palm of his hand. Mrs. Baxter gasped with a sickened horror. In David's hand laid a section of bone; around the end was a still shiny ring of gold with a tiny diamond set in a rose. It was Lisa's engagement ring.

With tears streaming down his cheeks, David gently clutched the objects to his chest and through sobs of pain and a final remembrance, Mrs. Baxter heard him say: "Lisa, I'm sorry."

Pet

Both made a choice
Private and impetuous
Both have gone away
He took his life to get away; His life took him away
Both were confused
Both left believing they had nothing left to give
Both were wrong.

I will not understand the explanations given
I would rather let my tears blind me than see the truth.

I loved two; I lost two and
The reality is yet to come.

J.L.S.

Caught in the quiet
unable to be free
of not knowing
what is to become of us.
You have the ability
to be silent
while I suffer
wondering
what tomorrow will bring.

J.L.S.

Prelude Fantastica "Kosmic Correction"

The soul is pure
in cosmic delight
to cast a hope
in grandeur's way
to sip this day

The soul is clear
like glass so fine
crystaline purity
heavens love so divine
to permeate in total bliss
to salvage hearts
to sanctify

The wind can torment
Satan's pleasures
Man so vulnerable
in his leisure
Need not seek far
to find his treasure
For it's in your heart
every man must measure
His worth
among the reasons of time
His Compassion's Eye
Must not be blind.

THE BIRTH OF KOSMIC FANTASTIC

Clouds
Vast lost clouds.
Enhancing sensation
Strung choirs of love
Assembling multitudes
Magnetic minds
Rapid regressing,
Successing after each other
Hoping in peeling sensation
To find
Truth. Wisdom. Manifested minds.
Repelled pure positive
Disciples of pain
And scattered asunder
In want
And in vain

To lost kingdoms of ignorance
To gather and breed
To "Circle Hell"
Of repeating time
To duplicate this riddle
Life's riddle and cry!

WHY!

KOSMIC FANTASTIC'S FANTASTIC ACT ONE

KOSMIC SEED IN CONVENTION'S WAY

Innocent friend
Ease in warmth's way
Crying loveless baby
They'll be better days.
What tale from my bag
Should this beggar now weave
What can I plant
Which of my seeds
To what should I pray
To fill that stomach
And what in fair reason
Will I give those who need

And heavenly angels
Sang their fine song
For a moments heaven
A hell of a cost.

Crying lonely infant
Crawls into this night
Never visiting tomorrow

The alarm is ringing
Please hit the light!

J.A. Colón

Thoughts of KOSMIC FANTASTIC

Well now
minstrel player
Sing that sweet song
Well now
jubilant fellow
Where did it go wrong?

Well act one was a gas
We made it and passed
But act two is a downer
Bet your sweet ass!

Well now
minstrel player
Sing that sweet song

Well now
jubilant fellow
Where did it go wrong?

Was it near? just nearly a grasp?
Was it a moment or a second which passed?
Or was it merely a blink,
a silly studder,
or a "stop and let's think"

Which kicked your sweet ass!

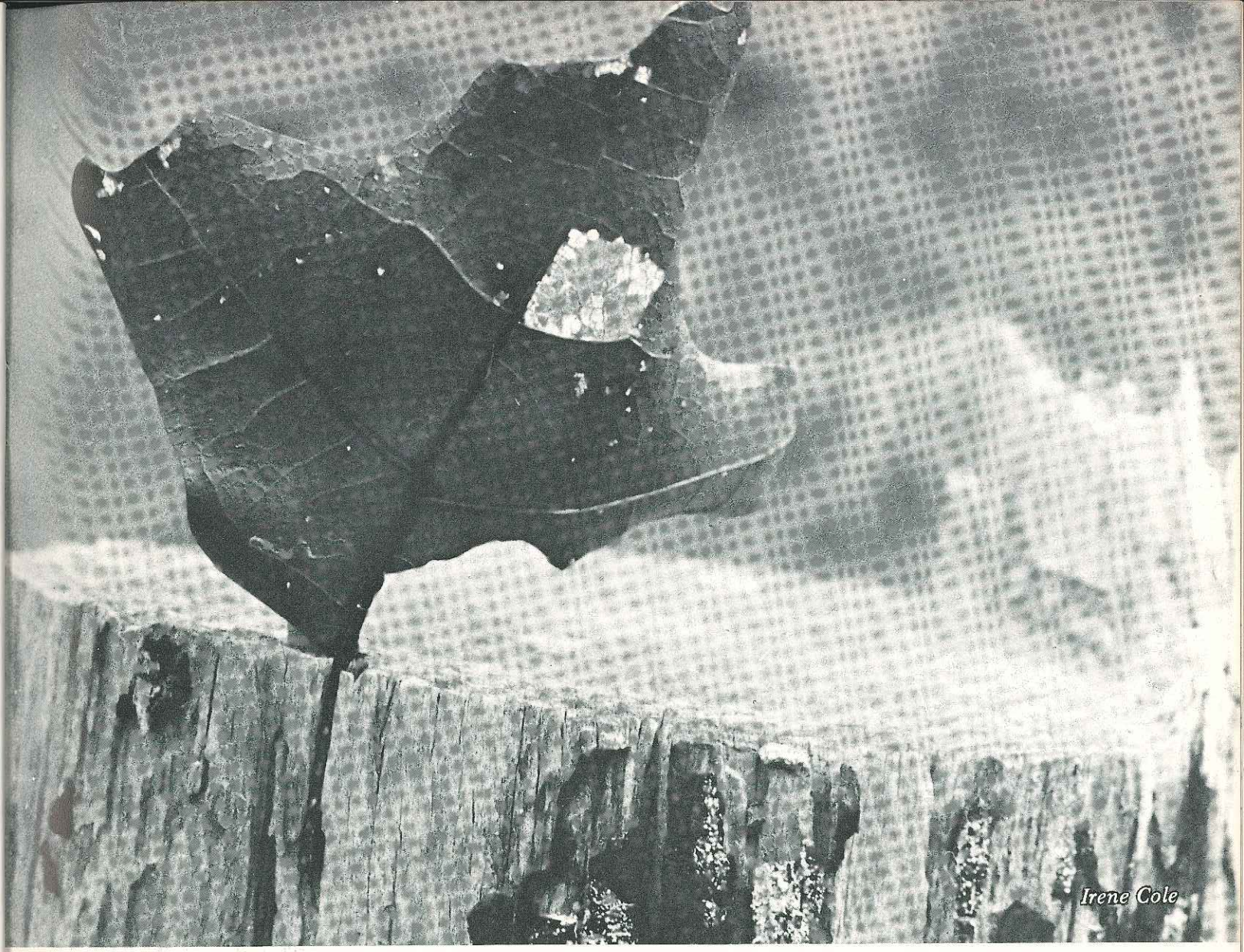
OUTASITE

I saw him again –
the man from California
(where trembling mountains meet icy ocean)
He was the same
but different
(you can't go home again)
In his life I was included
. . . a few days spent
(maybe it was me that changed)
And now I am left to love
his inaccessibility

Consuelo Artola

The fury of his mighty hand
Doth rule the flight of mankind
Had time not been chained to the gallos of the mind
Darkness would not be so empty
Without the touch of a gentle lover
But he is there to gather lost souls
And comfort us along the winding road
Within the mist of shallow pools
Lies a demon within mankind
A shallow friend of deception
Alienated from his guardian hand
Hath walked through fire
To see the light.
But exits with a smoldering ember
Searching for the sun
In need of a bowing palm
To lend a hand
And help a man of mankind

Larry Alexander



DEMONS

Put down here right out the blue,
Good to be here so I grew.
Then I was shown killer brew,
Friends all showed me, drank it too.
Next they gave me demon smoke,
"Here," they said "take a toke,
It's not expensive, you won't go broke."
(But it's deadly you'll soon croak!)
Brain is frying,
Liver dying,
Liquid tar slips down my throat.
Eyes not gleaming,
Body screaming,
I can see the demon's gloat.
Booze and smoke, are they the demons,
'cause they kill and maim?
Or giving friends, the hidden felons,
are they the ones to blame?

A. Lee

On the throne
so round
and
firm
sat the buttocks
kissing
germs

A royal duty
ascertained
then all went
flushing
down
the
drain!

Linda E. Woodrich

TOYOTA

I met a man from Boston
who took me for a ride
in his yellow Toyota
(You'll never let go)
We discussed politics
(he was a Democrat)
and whether he sounded like one of the Kennedys
Also family relationships
and money
(he was from Boston)
He said he would see me tomorrow
but didn't
He took me for a ride
(in his yellow Toyota)

Consuelo Artola

EGO

Well, let them take him and hang him;
Yes, let them drag him down and beat him;
Let them chain him and drown him in the sea;
Nobody must know he's a better man than me.

HA, HA! slash him! slash him!
Yes, go on bash him, yes bash him;
Take him and thrash him until his blood runs free;
But don't let anyone know he's a better man than me.

Ridicule him, make him into the cruelest joke;
Put him, yes, put him into a heavy yoke;
And make him a spectacle for all the world to see;
Because nobody must know he's a better man than me;
No, nobody must ever, ever know he's a better man than me.

Mike Moan

31/72

John Rachel

Linda Wright

The world needs
retouching
A touch up job
to say the least
Where artists paint

ABSTRACTION

over the ego-trippers
and kings and queens
and potters
without wisdom
of method
Over the business worlds' roof
of scheduled
nonsense
and politician's conventional moves
to improve a system in need
of nothing more or less than

ABOLISHMENT
(By prohibition act III)

Where perhaps the writer's profundity
will be strong enough
to produce antibodies over the deep BooBoos
like a wide sweep of some ecedemic
Edited

"Realization"
by the millions
to all in need
Where poets and musicians obscenely helped paint
the whole world over again
with
Love & Kindness & Holiness & Likeliness
to say the least
Where peaceful beings
kicked the ego-tripper
out of a bad habbit
And all diseased drenchers

of starvation
and death
out of the
scene
Where PHD's destroyed all destruction
in drugs
and preached the world to use it
with justified expansion
in Consciousness
But in the gallery of rebirth
Little questioning boy asks,
"Why all this Destruction?"
And painter and weasel replied
Very self-assured
All the time
God's people
destroy
for
a
reason!!!
(With punctuated nature)

Debbie Franklin

For Pete Seeger and The Incomplete Folksinger

I

your voice,
though soft though strong,
betrays your stature
that was and is despite;
your measure
some would question,
yet still these and all
you under overwhelm
and little men who would
have not silenced, just muted,
the singer

II

where have all YOUR flowers gone?
could your music age
as must you have
or was it only what
was where understanding was
that dies
and in so doing
steals the song
that is and will be
the man

Jim Easterday

FRIENDS

We were friends;
trying to meet each other
We didn't succeed.
I have to learn
you are a unique person
unable to change.

I must accept you
as you are
so we can be
truly friends.

Melissa Berry

THE POET

Perspective:

The symbolist and sculptor of an age
Who with artist's hands and clay
Molds and shapes the human situation
From the dust of his own experience
Who preserves the tradition of discovery
Marking well
The words of his fathers before him

Rationale and Imagination:

The Tolkienian elf
Who tends the lands and lords
Of the forest realm
Whose ancestral roots
Sink deep beneath the rich black fertile
Soil of earth
Sings his minstrel songs
In the spirit of eternal youth
Only to be heard
By those who will it

The Emotions:

The child of ocean wind and wave
Whose currents run forever deep and strong
Prepares for the surface
An overwhelming calm
Through magnetic entrancement
He lures brave men to sea
(to taste of many moods)
Then restores them whole
Upon their native shore

Spiritual Communion:

Mine is an existence
Of barren meaningless words
Until read with understanding.
(Each with his own
Peculiar gifts and talents)
At our best
We are mediums of expression
Translating the host of impressions
Created by other lives

Bruce M. Beck

Connie Whiddon